

WOMAN'S WORLD.

BROOKLYN GIRLS WHO GO THROUGH THE GYMNASIUM COURSE.

An Up to Date Girl—A Pink Dinner—Woman and the Press—Mothers Who Are Taxpayers—Proceeding Under Difficulties—No Party Lines Drawn.

A host of pretty girls gather nightly at the gymnasium of the Young Women's Christian Association, Brooklyn. There are 300 of them, with fresh complexions and well rounded figures, healthy and strong.

The gymnasium is one of the best fitted women's gymsnasiums in the country, and there is no fear these enterprising young athletes do not attempt, in apparent contradiction to laws of gravitation and equilibrium. They use the parallel bars and traversing rings, hanging by the feet occasionally for a rest. They "shin" up the poles, vault over the horses, and with the springboard they can jump to the height of 5 feet 4 inches.

Most of these feats are performed after the regular class, when more time is devoted to work that can be done in silence. There is one fear, an accomplishment of the street area, that the modern maiden rejoices to emulate when in the freedom of the gymnasium. An expert damsel standing a few feet from the wall gives a little run, throws herself on her hands, and up, up, the wall go her feet, until the very tips of her toes have been extended to their full limit, and she comes down rosy and breathless.

The gymnasium is well arranged in every respect. There are individual dressing rooms, with lockers and tub and needle baths that are well patronized after the exercises. Four times a week there are private morning classes for the society maids and matrons of the Heights and the Hill, and twice a week in the afternoon the children come to be trained in physical development. They are a very lively set of young people, ranging in age from 16 down.

A "hitch and kick" is a part of the apparatus not often found for women's use, and a member of the afternoon class has made a big record on it. "She really is a beautiful kick," her teacher says, and she has reached the mark of 6 feet 2 inches, though only 5 feet in height herself.

The teacher, Miss Helen H. Frothingham, is a wee little woman, who wears a tasseled cap perched upon her head. She manages her array perfectly, and her classes do a great deal of good work.

On the running track the young women not only sprint, but practice running on the toes, high stepping and other exercises calculated to develop all the muscles of the body.—Brooklyn Times.

An Up to Date Girl.

The case of John L. Throckmorton of Columbus, O., against Lucy Chapman of Fairfield was on trial in the superior court in this city before Judge Shumway, and the contents of certain telegrams were wanted. Ella Sturges was the operator at Fairfield, and she was summoned to court by Attorney Stoddard and ordered to have with her all telegrams received and sent by Mrs. Chapman. She appeared in court and was called to the stand. Attorney Stoddard asked:

"Have you in your possession certain telegrams received and sent at various times by George D. Chapman?"

"Must I answer that question?" the girl said, turning to Judge Shumway.

"I think so," replied the judge.

"The rules of the company by which I am employed forbid me answering such a question," said the young woman.

After some delay she finally said she had the telegrams, but she was determined not to reveal their contents.

When asked to do so, she refused. Then she arose and addressed Judge Shumway as follows:

"If your honor please, I have here some points on this question which I wish to submit for your consideration." She then read the law on evidence of that character and also the rules of the Western Union company. She referred the judge to certain cases in different state reports. A recus was taken for Judge Shumway to decide on the question of contempt, and when court opened again Miss Sturges was sustained by the judge, who refused to commit her to jail for not answering the questions which Mr. Stoddard asked.—Bridgeport Dispatch.

A Pink Dinner.

A pretty dinner was given to a young woman last week on the eve of her marriage. It was a pink dinner, and the heart shaped table was covered with pink silk. In their dressing room the men found pink cards, heart shaped and tied together with pink ribbon. One bore a man's name and the other heart the name of the lady to whose escort he was assigned. At the table the dinner cards were also pink and heart shaped. Around the pink cloth went a vine of similar, just inside the covers, with cut flowers strung carelessly across the corners. The pink shaded banquet lamp was wound with emerald, and a bunch of pink blooms was tied half way up its standard. The same blushing flowers made corsages at each lady's plate, and a single one offered its rose sweetness at each man's cover.

In every napkin nestled two hearts of bread, tied with pink ribbon, and the ices were served in pink heart shaped boxes, on whose covers were fastened a single pink flower and a bit of emerald.

A clever toast to the bride that was to be offered by the host and drunk in champagne: "May her life be as this wine; her joys like the bubbles, numerous and rising from many sources; her sorrows, also like the bubbles, dissipated at the surface, but essential in the composition to impart strength and character."—Her Point of View, in New York Times.

Woman and the Press.

Editors and publishers of newspapers should have been at the meeting of a certain woman's club last week and listened to a discussion of the subject. In

"The Purification of the Press, and What Share Women Have in It."

The ladies took a very liberal ground. They shamed to think the press was nearly much what the public had made of it: that it was not nowadays the leader of public opinion so much as the follower. The rise of the woman's page was acknowledged as evidence. There need to be a column somewhere in a weekly issue of the newspapers, a curious column, conducted by a man, given up to "The Home" or "The Family Circle," or whatever domestic title was adopted, and in this narrow space women were "showed" for all the praise of attention that newspapers could afford them. From this scorn of notice have grown and branched not only weekly and daily "pages," but columns besides, printed in every newspaper every day, of news of the doings of women.

What was objected to by some of the speakers was what is called "particular reporting," the glossing over and misrepresenting of facts for the sake of a clever story. And personal journalism was also condemned.

For the method to be employed that should improve matters the suggestion of letters to the editor seemed to receive the most favor. Co-operative boy-ottling was not popular, individual criticism of special faults being preferred as a first course.—New York Letter.

Mothers Who Are Taxpayers.

A committee on woman suffrage has been appointed by the Iowa home of representatives. The chairman, Mr. Chapman, has introduced a bill for a constitutional amendment to enable women to vote. Mr. Watkins has introduced a municipal suffrage bill. In the Senate a committee on constitutional amendments and suffrage has been appointed. Senator Palmer, the chairman, early introduced bills to grant women the suffrage at general and municipal elections. Senator Jaqueson has reported a joint resolution for a constitutional amendment. The Des Moines Capital says:

"The petitions of 'mothers who are taxpayers,' sent out by the corresponding secretary of the Iowa Woman Suffrage Association are being signed by such mothers throughout the state. Only one-sixth of these petitions have been returned, but over 400 names of taxpaying mothers have been signed to them. The names of 91 have been sent from Chariton, the home of Lieutenant Governor Dainger. It remains to be seen whether this Iowa legislature will deny the principle, which has been proclaimed and fought for by man since forcing the Magna Charta from King John, that 'taxation without representation is tyranny.'

Preaching Under Difficulties.

Rev. Abbie E. Danforth, pastor of the Universalist churches at Peru and Maccagno, O., is in Japan, visiting her daughter, the wife of the Universalist missionary, Dr. Perin, at Tokio. She is having some interesting experiences in church work. On her first Sunday there she was called upon to preach in Dr. Perin's church. The singing and other services were in Japanese, of which she knew not one word. She talked over her sermon, which was not written, with the interpreter, and with "troubled mind" began. She writes to The Universalist:

"It is very awkward to stand with nothing to do, while one's thoughts, sentence by sentence, are being turned wrong end first, twisted inside out, chopped up and made into the hash of another language."

To add to her embarrassment there were three American ministers present, and she "never did like to speak even before one preacher." On invitation, Mrs. Danforth went to Sando, to help in series of meetings. Very few Japanese women attend church, and it is going to take a long time to bring women out of their seclusion."

No Party Lines Drawn.

The Kansas State Editorial association at its recent annual meeting took an informal vote on the pending constitutional amendment granting full suffrage to women and declared in favor of it, four to one. The Kansas Democrat says:

"The action of the State Editorial association at Hutchinson on the question of equal suffrage was very gratifying to the suffragists. Like the State Teachers' association, it declared in favor of the amendment by a decisive majority. One who was present at the convention says there were in attendance about a dozen lady journalists and wives of editors, these ladies occupying a corner of the room by themselves. When the question was put to a vote, every one of the women rose and voted in the affirmative. This action of the ladies was greeted by a round of applause, which shows the hearty sympathy the majority of the members of the Editorial association have for the equal suffrage movement. There were no party lines drawn in this vote, members of every political party voting in favor of the amendment."

Admitted to the Bar.

Mrs. Harriet B. Evans was in Janesville, after a very thorough examination,

both oral and written, before the Iowa supreme court at Des Moines, admitted to the bar for the practice of law before the supreme and several courts of the state. She stood fourth in a class of 31, with a grade of 85 per cent. All the other members were men, and those of them failed to pass the examination.

"They say her engagement, but her father swears he'll disinherit her if she marries him, and so—" "Oh, must you go?" "Yes, indeed." "Oh, so sorry!" "What a lovely time!" "So glad. You'll come again?" "Yes, indeed." "Good-bye."

"Good-bye, dear. Remember me to your mamma."

"Yes, good-bye."

"Good-bye, dear!"—Detroit Free Press.



A SURE SIGN.

"Glory, Tilly, hyars a letter fum Sammie at lass! Well, well, well."

"What he say?"

"I dunno. I kain't read it."

"How you know dat hits fum Sammie?"

"I reckonize de blots."

England's highest personage in the nation is a woman. In Spain a woman rules until the majority of her son, now 8 years old, and her rule is held in high esteem. In one of the flourishing towns of New Zealand the first English mayor in her own right has been elected. And even in France a small election privilege has been granted to women by the senate.—New York Sun.

WHAT THEY ALL SAID.

SOME BRILLIANT UTTERANCES THAT WERE HEARD AT A RECEPTION.

"Oh, so glad you could come, my deary!"

"Oh, I wouldn't have missed it for anything in the world! I always have such lovely times at your receptions."

"How kind of you to say so!"

"Oh, I do, too—oh, here's Miss de Chatter! How do you do, Miss de Chatter?"

"Oh, so glad to see you!"

The rest of the conversation is wholly fragmentary. It came in bits and disconnected sentences to the ear of the writer, out of the necessity "gabble gabble" consequent upon such profitable and pleasurable affairs:

"Now, Mr. de Gassaway, you really are too kind and flattering, but—"

"The same dress and the same honest she's had on every time I've seen her at a reception this winter."

"Cawn I bring you a cup of tea? Yes!

"One lump or two of sugar?"

"No, sweet!"

"The tall lady in black, with the white bonnet?"

"No, no; the one in blue, with the gray bonnet?"

"Oh, I don't know who she is. I wonder if—"

"Ha, ha, ha! You are so very, very funny! If you don't—"

"They say she's awfully rich and—"

"The heaven's sake look at that woman, with a face like a lobster, in a lavender blouse!"

"Oh! Enough to set one's teeth on edge. Only definite!"

"Dog pardon?"

"Aw, certainly, certainly."

"The tall blonde gentleman?"

"I think his name is Smythe. I'll ask for—"

"I'm tired and bored to death."

"This is my third one today."

"I've averaged four a week this blessed winter."

"Some of them are awfully tiresome, and—"

"Do you really suppose those diamonds are genuine?"

"I didn't lie, for I've heard—oh, I'm so glad to see you. Just come!"

"Just this minute. Awful rabble here isn't there?"

"Dreadful! Why will a hostess ask 30 persons to come at one time to a house she cannot be made to hold more than 100?"

"That was awfully clever, awfully clever!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"They say privately that her husband doesn't intend coming home again at all; and that—"

"Oh, that slender woman in the tailor-made gown? Her name's Wardrobe. She's an invalid husband at home, and I think she'd better be there with him, for—"

"The last time I was in Yarmouth we spent four charming weeks in Paris—beautiful, beautiful Paris—and—"

"They say they're engaged, but her father swears he'll disinherit her if she marries him, and so—"

"Oh, must you go?"

"Yes, indeed."

"What a lovely time!"

"So glad. You'll come again?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye, dear. Remember me to your mamma."

"Yes, good-bye."

"Good-bye, dear!"—Detroit Free Press.

Unappropriated Syllables.

In the early days of the gold excitement in California a young German from Michigan departed for California, and after prospecting for awhile settled there.

His name was John G. Almondinger, and wishing to Americanize himself as much as he could he applied to the legislature of California to have his name changed to John G. Almond.

A few days later a man named John Smith applied to the same legislature, and after reading a long catalogue of the lies to which he was subject, owing to his unfortunately common name, he said in conclusion:

"And whereas I have noticed that you have curtailed the name of J. G. Almond-

inger to J. G. Almond and have not dispensed of the 'nger,' which seems to be lying around loose, I respectfully request that the same may be added to my name."

The rest of this appeal is not stated.—*Youth's Companion*.

Classical and Appropriate.

Mrs. Tremont—I'm going to put "Well Come the Coming, Speed the Parting Guests" over the door of our new house. I wish you would suggest a good inscription for the great fireplace.

Mrs. Westerly—How would "Is it not enough for you?" do?—Puck.

Pleased Her.

Sheemaker—Well, don't any of these show you, you miss?"

Miss Flirtip—Oh, yes, indeed. I'm never so happy as when I have a new engagement ring.

Miss Dash—Yes, indeed. I'm never so happy as when I have a new engagement ring.

Miss Lampoon—

Joy.

Mr. Spooner (slipping ring on her finger)

"This is pleasant to you."

Miss Dash—Yes, indeed. I'm never so happy as when I have a new engagement ring.

Miss Lampoon—

Pleasured.

ARABELLA SOLLOQUIES.

"I cannot understand at all. The way mamma goes on. When I climb trees or chase the dogs. And have the greatest fun."

"Aw, awfully say. Now, Arabella, don't you know?"